

MY FRIEND THE RAIN

by

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"Ah, I don't want to get wet."

"Well, you're gonna have to go out there some time."

"It doesn't look like it's going to let up, does it?"

"Nope."

*tighten your
nose up.*

The rain danced as it alighted upon the concrete walkways. ~~And here I was caught with the decision to either remain here in~~ exile at the Campus library, or attempted ~~an~~ heroic escape with only my sweater and three borrowed books to protect me.

"Well ...the library won't be closing until eleven...."

The rain and I have always had a very full relationship. In fact just last year we spent a whole day frolicking (at least he was) on 80th street, somewhere between Von's super-market and Loyola.

It began that fateful morning in September with a surge of hunger pangs that most smart college students experience (I say "smart" because most smart college students would rather starve than eat at the local crematorium, the Terrace Room). My quest for food led me to a quaint ^{*}supermarket that was "just around the corner." ~~None the less, being~~ ^{As} one of the few Southern Californians without a car, my kind roommate gave me a ride. ~~to~~ ^{*}the supermarket. As he roared off I remember his prophetic warning, "I'm going to the Fox Hill Mall and I don't know when I'll be back"(^{that is} i.e., "Find your own way home"). I gave his warning little thought as I entered the establishment, seeking to satisfy my primal appetite.

*again - you don't
need such
phrasing
in example*

Alas, observe the hungry student thoughtlessly filling his shopping cart; its wheels screaming because of the weight. Behold,

the unfortunate shoppers forming a serpentine line behind the student at the checkstand as they scream because of the wait.

Having recently completed a two year stint as a boxboy I meticulously observed the boxboy's show of skill and coordination. (It was a short show). His four bags of groceries I soon converted into two bags. Saddling the bags, one in each arm, I thought to myself, "So the bags are a little overstuffed. Twenty-five pounds a piece isn't too bad. I mean, it's not that far to walk."

As I left the supermarket I became only too aware of the ~~little down-pour~~ of rain that had begun to fall. I gave the rain little thought because my arms were explaining to me the virtues of modern transportation. But like a persistent friend pounding on the front door in the middle of the night, the rain made its presence known. I could not believe it. I had carried these bags for little over a block and my arms were already talking about mutiny. But being a man of strong will I was determined to make it back to Loyola. I wanted to cry.

Cresting the first hill (Lord knows how many hills were to follow) I observed the incompatibility of paper bags and rain. A quick decision was needed. What was I going to do about my disintegrating bags; not to mention my over-burdened arms and soaking wet body? By now it was too late for me to turn back and I certainly was not going to make it to Loyola. So I ended up stopping under a large leafy tree and trying to hitch-hike.

I soon realized that there were not very many people that were going to stop and pick up a long-haired hitch-hiker (complete with flaired overalls and Jesus patches) in the rain. A few days

As my bags got wetter I began to play a game called "Try to establish eye contact with the would-be driver." This game does one of two things: upon establishing eye contact the driver will either feel sorry for you and offer a ride or get into an accident because he is too busy staring at the long-haired hitch-hiker to ~~be~~ watching the road. I was ~~losing~~ rather decisively. They would not even establish eye contact! But, alas, a compassionate LMU student saw my plight and offered me a ride. So I picked up my crippled shopping bags and climbed into the back of this little green Pinto runnabout. "Crippled" was really not the way to describe my bags. They had been in the rain for a little over an hour and upon arriving at Loyola they proceeded to split open all over the back seat of the Pinto. Well, by the time I arrived safe and sound in my room, groceries and all, I began to wonder ^{here +} ~~what~~ went wrong.

I mean, I like the rain. It gives me a cozy feeling. It's like snuggling up to a nice lit fireplace with a warm cup of tea and a friend. I like the rain. But somehow I don't think the feeling is mutual.

good use of time to keep the reader's interest
and nice pacing - you just have to
be more careful about what not to include.

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